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Author's Note

This series is not actually owned by me, blah blah blah. Just read the book.

Alleigances

RoseClan

Leader- Gingerstar- small ginger she-cat

Deputy- Leaffall- blind autumn colored she-cat

Medicine Cat- Appleleaf- calico and white she-cat

Apprentice, Bramblepaw

Warriors

Thorntooth- reddish-brown tom

Cougarclaw- sandy-colored tom

Sunrose- orange she-cat

Apprentice, Salmonpaw

Lilysplash- calico and white she-cat

Apprentice, Seedpaw

Lilacstone- white she-cat

Mooseclaw- brown tom

Cowpelt- black and white tom

Rainbowtail- calico tom

Apprentice, Lightningpaw

Littlestone- grey tom

Stormfall- white tom

Apprentice, Dandelionpaw

Dapplestone- calico she-cat

Apprentice, Petalpaw

Mistflight- half-blind white she-cat

Rowanfire- brown tabby tom

Featherstone- white she-cat with light grey stripes

Apprentices

Bramblepaw- brown she-cat

Seedpaw- dark brown tom with darker brown stripes

Dandelionpaw- cream she-cat

Lighningpaw- white tom

Petalpaw- light brown she-cat

Queens

Tigerrose- orange she-cat with darker orange stripes (Leafkit- grey she-kit, Berrykit- orange tom) (Mate: Littlestone

Mistflight- blind light grey she-cat (Redkit- reddish-brown she-kit, Creamkit- cream she-kit) (Mate: Stormfall

Rosefeather- white she-cat (Mate: Thorntooth

Elders

Stormfeather- dark grey tom

Nightstorm- black she-cat

Silverfrost- silver she-cat

Birchwing- brown tom

LeafClan

Leader- Thornstar- light grey-brown tom

Deputy- Rosethorn- black she-cat

Medicine Cat- Iceclaw- white tom

Warriors

Darkfur- black bengle tom

Frosttail- light grey she-cat

Pinefrost- grey tom with white flecks

Thunderstone- white tom with grey stripes

Apprentice, Cherrypaw

Sunstone- cream she-cat

Larktail- dark grey she-cat

Lionfur- golden she-cat

Apprentice, Plantpaw

Berryclaw- calico tom

Docksprout- light grey tom

Roseleaf- calico and white she-cat

Apprentice, Grasspaw

Skyfall- orange tom

Apprentice, Nightpaw

Bluepelt- grey-blue tom

Skyfire- white tom

Rabbitleap- white and grey tom

Dogtooth- brown and white tom

Badgerclaw- black and white she-cat

Apprentices

Cherrypaw- grey she-cat

Plantpaw- calico she-cat

Grasspaw- long furred dark grey tom

Nightpaw- black tom

Queens

Icefrost- white she-cat (Snowkit- white tom, Mousekit light brown she-kit) (Mate: Dogtooth

Leafstone- grey she-cat (Featherkit- yellow she-kit, Briarkit- dark grey tom) (Mate: Skyfall

Windfrost- white and grey she-cat (Mate: Darkfur

Elders

Shadowfrost- black tom

Icestorm- light grey she-cat

Greyfoot- black she-cat with grey paws

Ashstorm- grey tom

MossClan

Leader- Foxstar- orange tom

Deputy- Ravenflight- black tom

Medicine Cat- Duckwing- yellow tom

Apprentice, Leafsplash- white she-cat with calico patches

Warriors

Weedtail- faded golden-brown tom

Apprentice Greypaw

Frogsplash- grey tom

Coalfire- black and orange she-cat

Jayfire- grey she-cat

Apprentice, Rabbitpaw

Pinewood- brown she-cat

Pumkintail- orange she-cat

Elmtree- light brown tom

Apprentice, Bearpaw

Coalheart- dark grey tom

Fireleaf- orange she-cat

Darkfire- black and grey tom

Moonheart- white she-cat with grey and grey-blue splotches

Mossfur- white she-cat with light grey spots

Apprentice, Streampaw

Blackfire- black tom

Leafstripe- grey she-cat with dark grey stripes

Swiftcurrent- dark grey tom

Apprentice, Sharkpaw

Apprentices

Bearpaw- dark brown tom

Streampaw- silver tom

Rabbitpaw- fluffy grey she-cat with a white tail

Greypaw- grey she-cat

Sharkpaw- silver-blue tom

Queens

Snowleap- white she-cat (Mate: Frogsplash

Ivystone- dark grey-green she-cat (Stonekit- dark grey she-kit, Crowkit- black tom) (Mate: Blackfire

Silverstone- silver and grey she-cat (Mate: Ravenflight

Mossleaf- light grey-green she-cat (Deerkit- light brown she-kit, Brightkit- golden she-kit) (Mate: Weedtail

Elders

Snowflame- white and black she-cat

Badgerstripe- black tom with white stripes

Sandfire-faded golden she-cat

Thrushtail- brown tom

Cats/Animals outside Clans

Mittens- white kittypet she-cat with a black muzzle, tail, paws, and ears

Thorn- dark brown kittypet tom

Daisy- calico kittypet she-cat

Rage- black stray dog

Chapter 1: Kittypet

Mittens walked out of her Twoleg nest, taking in the pleasant sunshine. She jumped up on the fence and looked out to the Thunderpath. A monster roared past.

"Hi, Mittens", mewed Daisy, the neighbors' cat, as she hopped onto the fence beside Mittens.

"Hi, Daisy." After a moment of silence, Mittens spoke again,

"I wish I could venture past my fence." Daisy looked at her in horror.

"Away from your housefolk?! Are you crazy?!" Mittens gave her an apologetic smile.

"Slightly", she replied. Daisy hung her head.

"I should've known you'd want to leave sometime."

"Don't worry about it. I probably won't go. I couldn't leave you and Thorn all alone", she mewed back, though she was really thinking a plan for her to sneak away.

"What about me?" a dark brown tom meowed, jumping on the fence.

"Nothing, Thorn."

"Mittens was thinking of leaving but I convinced her to stay", Daisy mewed, ignoring Mittens answer. "You were thinking of leaving?" Thorn meowed, looking at Mittens.

"No - W-Well yes, but n-not seriously", Mittens stuttered a reply. Thorn always made her nervous like this.

"Phew! It'd be *horrible* if you left, I-I mean . . . Good", Thorn meowed, blushing.

"Oh, *really?*" Mittens purred, making Thorn blush even deeper.

"Ugh break it up, lovebirds. You're making me sick!" Daisy interrupted. Now Mittens was blushing too. "Great job, Daisy! Now you made it awkward", Daisy muttered to herself.

"Anyway, I better get back to my housefolk; They'll be worrying about me", Thorn mewed as he jumped into his yard. Mittens sighed.

"You two are so gross", Daisy muttered as she made her departure. Mittens heard her Twoleg rattling her food bowl and jumped down from the fence for dinner. The forest will just have to wait for her.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~

"I've got you now!" Mittens cried as she leaped on the back of a fox. Its jaws barely missed her ear. She dug her claws into its back, making sure she wasn't thrown off. The fox tried to crush her by rolling on its back but Mittens jumped off, onto its belly. she shredded it with thorn-sharb claws. Instead of crying for mercy, the fox started speaking in a sugar sweet tone,"Mi-ttens! Breakfast time!" Mittens heard her food bowl rattle and the forest disappeared. And once again, she was in her Twoleg nest. Her Twoleg, the one with the long brown fur on its head, was crouched in front of her with Mittens' food bowl. Mittens got up and streched, then padded over to her Twoleg. She ate the dry, tasteless cat food lazily. *This stuff is worse than fox dung*!, she thought as she grumpily cruched her food. She pushed through her cat flap outside. It was earlier than she thought, and colder, too. She jumped up onto her fence and looked out. Much to her surprise, she saw amber eyes glinting back at her from the other side of the Thunderpath, the forest. Her own ice-blue eyes widened at the thought of some blood-thirsty forest cat staring into her eyes. A shiver ran down her back as she saw the eyes blink, slowly. She quickly jumped down from the fence so the cat couldn't see. Yet it was almost as if she could *feel* the eyes watching her. She went into her Twoleg nest where the eyes couldn't follow. She relaxed as she entered the nest where she heard her Twoleg moving aroung in one of the dens. She felt one of their rough hands stroke her back and she purred. *You couldn't get* this *in the wild,* she thought as her eyes started to close.

Chapter 2: Fire

Mittens coughed out the smoke that was filling her lungs. Her Twoleg carried her to the door of her den, then collasped, unable to carry on. Mittens nudged her Twoleg's hand, but she made no reaction. Mittens licked her face and this time she moaned. Mittens knew there was no way she could save her. She weaved through her burning home weakly. She stepped on a burning board which snapped her to attention. She had to get out. Her cat flap was blocked, so that was ruled out. There were flaming boards blocking out most of the window but there might be just enough space. *What do I have to lose*, she thought, realizing it was perfectly true. She started running towards it when the ceiling started falling. A board fell a whisker from her muzzle. *I'm going to die. I'm going to die. I'm going to die*, she repeated over and over again in her head as she dodged the falling debris and worked her way over to the window. She jumped up on to the sink, which was a big mistake. The metal was burning her paws off. She yowled and jumped out the window just as the last of her old home collapsed. *With* her Twolegs inside.

"I have to start a new life", Mittens told Daisy and Thorn.

"No! Please stay with us!" Daisy sobbed.

"I can't. I have no home", Mittens mewed, trying to hold back the tears threatening to escape her eyes.

"You can stay with my housefolk! Please!" Daisy offered.

"We both know you keep your housefolk busy enough", Mittens mewed with a sad smile.

"My housefolk might let you stay with us", Thorn meowed quietly.

"Thanks, but no thanks. This must be my destiny", Mittens meowed, even though she really wanted to give the idea a try. "I'll be fine. Maybe I can find one of those groups of cats", she joked, since they all knew those were just stories for kits. "But there's no way I can

stay here. I'm sorry." She started walking beside the street.

"I have a long way to go", she thought as she set out on her journey.

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Mittens's paws ached and her throat hurt from lack of water. She collapsed in the grass, not really caring if she died right there. Her eyes started to close and she didn't even try to resist the urge to sleep. When she woke up there were cats surrounding her. There was a grey she-cat with a white stomach and a dark grey tom beside her. There was wet moss in front of her muzzle. Mittens opened her eyes wider to see a lot more cats. There was an orange tom to seemed to hold an air of authority about him. A black tom stood behind him. There was a yellow tom smelling of plants and a white she-cat with calico splotches who also carried this scent.

"She's waking up", the dark grey tom hissed. A dark grey-green head popped out of a den followed by a dark grey she-kit and a black tom-kit.

"Who's she?" the dark grey she-kit squeaked.

"A kittypet. Now get back in the den", the she-cat replied before guiding the kits inside.

"Who are you?" a sandy-colored tom asked, baring his teeth. Mittens's eyes widened in fright. "I-I-", she stuttered.

"Don't be so harsh on her, Weedtail. She barely looks older than a kit", the white-and-calico she-cat mewed sympathetically.

"Stop being so mouse-hearted, Leafsplash", the one called Weedtail growled.

"Mouse-hearted?!" Leafsplash screeched.

"Stop acting like kits", the yellow tom hissed.

"Yes, Duckwing", Leafsplash meowed reluctantly. Weedtail just glared at the tom. All these noises and smells and voices scared Mittens and she was trying to make herself as small as possible.

"I am Foxstar and this is MossClan. We're not ging to hurt you", the orange tom soothed softly. "What's your name?" For some reason, Mittens felt she could trust this tom.

"Mittens", she replied timidly.

"Are you a kittype- I mean a housecat?" the tom asked.

"I used to live with housefolk, yes. But my house was burned to ashes and so were my housefolk. I live nowhere, now", she replied bravely.

"You may join MossClan if you wish", the tom offered. Mittens gasped. *Join MossClan!*

Chapter 3: Acceptance

Mittens was at a loss for words. "I-I don't know", she stuttered. "You may decide later", the orange tom meowed. "You can stay the night in the apprentices' den." Mittens nodded. She got up and started to go a direction, then she remembered that she had no idea where the apprentices' den was. A silver tom and a fluffy grey she-cat with a white tail came up to her. "I'm Streampaw and this is Rabbitpaw. The apprentices' den is over here", the silver tom mewed, heading in the direction of a big bush with low, swinging branches. He pushed the branches aside with his back, clearing the way for Mittens and Rabbitpaw. He quickly went into the den, the branches snapping behind him. "Here's some unused moss. You can make your nest here", Streampaw mewed. A dark brown tom, grey she-cat, and silver-blue tom were sleeping in different nests. Mittens stepped over them to the heap of moss in the corner. She turned in circles, pressing the moss down with her paws, then set her head on her paws and tried to sleep. Her eyes started to close, and before she knew it, it was dawn. "Mittens", Streampaw called softly. "I'm up", Mittens mewed, heaving herself onto her paws. "Foxstar wants to speak to you", he meowed. "Okay", she replied. She followed Streampaw, who led her to a rockfall leading up to a cave in the side of a giant rock. "Go up to that cave", he directed. "Foxstar is waiting up there." Mittens went up to the cave. Moss hung from the entrance. "Come in", a voice sounded from inside the den. Mittens pushed through the moss into the cave. It was pleasantly cool and the floor was litered with sand. "Hello, Mittens", Foxstar mewed. "Hello, Foxstar", Mittens mewed back. "So have you made your decision?" he questioned.

"Well. . . I've thought about it."

"And . . . .?" Foxstar meowed eagerly. *What use would I be to him in MossClan?* she thought. Mittens took a deep breath. "I'll stay", she mewed

" . . From this moment until your warrior ceremony, you will be

known as Blackpaw. Moonheart will mentor you in your warrior training. Welcome to MossClan", Foxstar mewed. Blackpaw was filled with pride. She touched noses with her new mentor, a pretty white she-cat with grey and grey-blue splotches. She looked about sixteen moons old. "Pleasure to have you in the Clan", Moonheart whispered to Blackpaw as she licked her shoulder. "Pleasure to be here", Blackpaw whispered back. "Blackpaw! Blackpaw!" the Clan cried. Blackpaw stood up straighter and tried to look worthy. Not everyone was cheering, though. There was a faded golden-brown tom, black and grey tom, and black and orange she-cat who were scowling instead. *Haters gonna hate,* Blackpaw thought. She held her head higher to those cats. Streampaw was cheering the loudest, with a silly grin on his face. Greypaw looked at Blackpaw jealously. Blackpaw ignored her. "Clan dismissed", Foxstar mewed. Moonheart led Blackpaw over to the entrance (and exit) to the Clan (or forest). "We're going to join Swiftcurrent's patrol on LeafClan's border", she mewed. "Okay", Blackpaw replied calmly, though she was exploding with excitement on the inside. *My first patrol!*, she thought. *Welcome to Clan life!*

Chapter 4: Mistakes

Half-heartedly, Blackpaw clawed the elders' dirty bedding into a heap beside the exit. She spread the new moss around the den. Blackpaw carried the dirty bedding to the dirtplace, where she left it. "Hey, Blackpaw!" Streampaw called. "Hi, Streampaw", Blackpaw replied unenthusiastically. "What's wrong?" Streampaw asked, his high spirits dropping. "Nothing", Blackpaw mewed and plastered on a smile. She didn't want to bring Streampaw into her misery. Streampaw grinned and walked out of the camp at the call of Mossfur, his mentor. Blackpaw dropped the pretend smile and wearily sat down. "Blackpaw! We're going to train with Greypaw and Weedtail!" Moonheart called. "Okay", Blackpaw mewed grumpily. "Cheer up!" Moonheart mewed as she walked past. Blackpaw followed her into the forest. Weedtail and Greypaw were waiting in the Battle Clearing. "Okay, today you guys are just gonna fight, no new moves", Moonheart mewed. *Let's get this over with*, thought Blackpaw as she crouched, ready to spring at Greypaw. Greypaw jumped first, giving her the advantage. Blackpaw was ready, though. She rolled out of the way at the last minute, leaving Greypaw lying in the dust. All the breath was knocked out of Greypaw, and Blackpaw saw it as a chance. She leaped on Greypaw, and light bit her scruff, not enough to draw blood. Greypaw flipped around and scratched Blackpaw's back, claws unsheathed. Blackpaw yowled in pain. She bit Grepaw's ear and wouldn't let go. Greypaw ripped herself away. "Stop! This is just a training session!" Moonheart screeched. She and Weedtail pulled the two apart. Greypaw was hissing and spitting while Blackpaw looked in horror at what she had done. "I-I'm sorry", she stuttered. Greypaw looked away. Blackpaw struggled out of Moonheart's grip and ran. Where? She didn't know. *Why does Clan life have to be so complicated?*, she thought. *I'm* trying *to fit in! I'm* trying *to be nice!* Lost in her thoughts, Blackpaw ran straight into a ball of fur. She tumbled backwards to see Streampaw looking back at her. He smiled. "Well, hello!" he meowed. blackpaw blushed. "Sorry", she mewed. "It's okay", he mewed back. ""Are you ready to tell me what's really wrong?"

"W-What?"

"Don't play dumb, i know something's wrong."

"Okay, fine. . ."

"Go on . . "

"I just don't fit in. And Greypaw doesn't like me."

"Oh, she's just jealous because I like you."

"You like me?"

"Yeah, I thought it was obvious."

Streampaw smiled.

"Well, that's good because I like you, too."

Chapter 5: The Big Question

Blackpaw purred and shifted herself closer to Streampaw. He purred back. "We better be getting back to camp", he meowed after a moment. "Yeah", Blackpaw agreed. She got up and stretched. They walked back to camp together.

"Let all cats old enough to climb a tree gather under Clanrock for a MossClan meeting!" Foxstar yowled. A dark grey she-kit and a black tom-kit sat in the middle of camp. "It is time to make two kits apprentices. They have had six moons to learn what being a kit of MossClan is, now they will learn what being a warrior of MossClan is. Stonekit and Crowkit. From now until you earn your warrior name, you shall be known as Stonepaw and Crowpaw." His eyes searched the crowd of cats. "Fireleaf, you will mentor Stonepaw and Pinewood, you will mentor Crowpaw", Foxstar meowed at last. "Stonepaw! Crowpaw!" the Clan cheered. Streampaw went up to them, Blackpaw behind. "Hello", he mewed. "Hi", Crowpaw mewed back. Crowpaw was a very big cat. He was already a little bigger than Streampaw. Hard muscles rippled beneath his pelt. He teetered on his tiptoes to look at Blackpaw. Crowpaw went around Streampaw, to Blackpaw. "So, you're the new cat?" he mewed curiously. "Yup", Blackpaw answered carelessly. "Cool", he replied awkwardly. Streampaw rolled his eyes. "Anyway, as I was saying, I can show you two good nests in the apprentices' den", he mewed. "Sure", Stonepaw mewed immediately. "Crowpaw?" Streampaw mewed after a moment. "Uh, sure", he meowed, following Streampaw to the apprentices' den. Blackpaw went with them. Crowpaw fell back to walk beside Blackpaw. "So. . . I was wondering . . If you maybe wanted to", he started. "Crowpaw!" Pinewood interrupted. "Forest exploring time!" "Duty calls!" Crowpaw meowed with an apologetic shrug. He departed the camp, into the forest. Streampaw came out of the apprentices' den and over to Blackpaw. "Where'd Crowpaw go?" he asked. "Had to leave because of Pinewood", Blackpaw responded. "Too bad", Streampaw chirped, smiling. "Streampaw!" Blackpaw gasped. Suddenly Streampaw became very serious. "Listen, Blackpaw. I don't want

other toms. . . in love with you. I want to to be mine. I want you to be my mate", he mewed. 'S-Streampaw. . .I-I don't know what to say", Blackpaw mewed. "Yes?" Streampaw muttered. Blackpaw wanted to say yes, she really did. But for some reason, the words couldn't be forced out. "I-I just met you", Blackpaw mewed stallingly. "If you don't want to, you could've just flat-out said,'no' ", he mewed. Blackpaw could tell he was hurt. "But I see you're the type of she-cat to has to do it slowly, painfully." His gaze hardened. "Please . . It's not like that", she started. "No, Blackpaw, I think it *is* like that", he mewed angrily, shoving his face a whisker from Blackpaw's. He stomped out of the camp. "Please . . ." Blackpaw whispered after him.

Chapter 6: Back Together

Blackpaw's POV

I sat with a thump. The love of my life (or atleast, I *thought* he was the love of my life) had just walked out of the camp because I was toungue tied. Just great! I clawed the groung angrily, pulling out clumps of dirt. Crowpaw walked up to me. "Back from the pa-Blackpaw! Are you okay?" he mewed. I looked up, my eyes blazing. "Fi-Fine", I replied weakly. My eyes fluttered and I fell to the ground.

When I woke up, I was in the medicine den. Leafsplash was preparing a poultice farther back into the den. She turned to see me awake and started. "Oh, Blackpaw. I'm afraid you have a fever", she mewed. My mouth felt dry and hot and so did the rest of me. She dipped moss into a pool of water in the den and set it by my muzzle. "Thank you", I mumbled. I lapped at the cool, wet moss. Moonheart mewed from the entrance,"Can I come in?" "Yes", Leafsplash replied. Moonheart poked her head in. "She's awake!" she mewed, looking at me. "When do you think she'll be alble to resume her training?" Moonheart asked after a moment. "When she recovers", Duckwing replied with a snort from further within the den. I struggled to my paws. "I'm recovered", I mewed, trying to sound like I really was. "Oh no, you're not", Leafsplash mewed, pushing me back into my nest with her tail. I glared at her. "I am, too", I argued. "No, you're not. End of discussion", Duckwing mewed firmly, emerging from the shadows of the den. I *hrumphed.* He walked out of the den, murmuring something to Leafsplash as he went. Leafsplash flicked her tail in his face, rolling her eyes.

Off Blackpaw's POV

Streampaw sneaked into the den. He looked at Blackpaw wistfully, her fur shining. *That was all I needed. To see if she was okay,* he told himself. But seeing her lying there so peacfully drew him forward. He curled his lean body around hers and was at first startled at the warmth of her fur. Blackpaw stirred, but did not wake up.

Streampaw closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Blackpaw woke to feel a body near hers. She sniffed the air. Streampaw! She turned to look at him. His eyes were closed and he looked happy and at peace. *I shouldn't wake him,* she thought. She turned carefully and got comfortable next to him. *This is the way it should be.*

Chapter 7: Final Assessment

Blackpaw purred and rubbed her muzzle against Streampaw's. "Blackpaw!" Blackpaw heard Moonheart caIling. "Looks like I have to go", she mewed to Streampaw, looking wistfully over her shoulder. Streampaw put on a dissapointed look. "Okay", he mewed sadly. Blackpaw *hated* to see him sad. "I'm really sorry", she apologized. "Oh, don't be!" he mewed. "It's not *your* fault."

"Well, then I guess I'll see you later!"

Blackpaw turned to leave their special hiding place behind the camp. She pushed through a hole in the barrier. "Blackpaw!" Moonheart called again. "Coming!" Blackpaw responed, annoyed. "Time for your final assessment!" she mewed as Blackpaw approached. Blackpaw flexed her claws anxiously. Streampaw, Rabbitpaw, and Greypaw's warrior ceremony was going to be this afternoon. Maybe she could join them? Moonheart snapped her out of her thought as she barked a command. "I'll be watching you to see your choices, actions, etc. Now go!" Blackpaw raced into the forest. *Whare's best to hunt?*, she thought, looking around. She decided to go to th Great Redwood, the tallest tree in the forest. She pelted there and sniffed for any scents of prey. Mouse! She listened hard and could here a tiny scuffling sound from within the roots of the Great Redwood. Blackpaw instantly dropped into a hunting crouch. She pinpointed the mouse and creeped towards it. Blackpaw pounced and quickly bit its neck. It fell limp in her jaws. She left a few seeds she had found as bait for prey and positioned herself under a bush. After a while, a squirrel bounced to the seeds. As it started to nibble it, Blackpaw leaped out of her hiding place. She landed squarely on the squirrel and killed it before it even knew what was happening. After she thought she had caught enough prey (two mice, one squirrel, and three starlings), she went back to the camp. Before she reached it, Moonheart caught up to her. "You hunted very well!" she meowed. Blackpaw nodded modestly, since she couldn't answer with a mouth full of prey. Once she arrived the camp, Blackpaw set her catches on the fresh-kill

pile. "Blackpaw!" Streampaw cried as he saw her. They ran to each other and rubbed muzzles as Greypaw stood by jealously. "How was your hunt?" Streampaw asked eagerly. "Good. The prey is running well", Blackpaw responded happily. Moonheart came up and happily announced,"Blackpaw, you will join Streampaw, Rabbitpaw, and Greypaw in their warrior ceremony." Blackpaw's eyes opened wider. *"I'm going to be a warrior?*", she breathed.